



THE INNIS HERALD



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Founded in 1965, the Innis Herald is INNIS College's monthly newspaper. We strive to provide sophisticated, substantial, and unconventional discussion of college, campus and citywide issues. By virtue of the college's programs and population, there is a particular focus on the arts, culture and writing.

Our mandate is to encourage critical thought and participation within our readership and in the wider University of Toronto campus and community. The Herald is a place for discussion of ideas, opinions and thoughts that are usually not emphasized in other student newspapers or on campus.

Thanks to all the editors, contributors, artists, and readers of the Innis Herald. We would also like to thank the INNIS College Student Society for their support.

We welcome any criticisms, comments, and submissions from University of Toronto students and community members.

If you are interested in writing regularly for the Herald, or in submitting art, please email us or stop by our office hours every Monday from 4 to 6, Wednesday from 1 to 2, and Friday from 3 to 5.

We reserve the right not to publish submitted material.

Visit our artist's websites:

calmdott.com

MASTHEAD

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Photograph by Marko BAI-ABAN

The Good, the Bad, and the Unlikely

By Karam EL MASRI & Juan LLAMAS RODRIGUEZ

WE WILL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT that we made at least two significant mistakes.

First, there is no denying that our first issue got off to a rough start. A few layout mishaps and some copy editing mistakes that should not have gotten past the last edit made it seem like we didn't know what we were doing. The fault is ours. But we learned from this experience, and have gotten better with each subsequent issue.

The second point is less of a mistake and more of a failed initiative. At the beginning of the school year we asked readers to let us know what they would like to see in the Herald. We said our editorial path was whatever readers wanted it to be. The ombudsman in our last issue posited that this was a mistake from an editorial point of view – a good Editor-in-Chief should set the direction of the paper. However, given the claims of a small but loud group of critics that the Herald was not representing Innis and the never-ending threat of having our budget cut by ICSS, it was something we had to try.

No new submissions or suggestions (not even by the loud group of critics) made its way to us. Submissions from a few devoted contributors continued to come in and they shaped the content of the Herald for the year.

After our February issue, one of our editors was told by an ICSS member that one page of strictly Innis-centered content was not enough, and that we needed to have more college news. This self-evident fact was something we had been trying to address since September with our previously mentioned initiative, to no avail. However, the comment seemed to have the unspoken indication that, unless the situation was rectified, our budget would be affected. This is exactly what has happened.

In its recent elections, the ICSS included a referendum that affected the Innis Herald budget, without properly notifying the Editors-In-Chief in advance. The referen-

dum removed the clause in the ICSS constitution that promised the Herald's funding. As it stands there is no guarantee that the Herald will receive any funding in the future.

The ICSS has repeatedly stated that they do not want to interfere with the Herald's editorial autonomy, yet the easiest way to indirectly intrude on a group's autonomy is by cutting their funding.

The Innis Herald has been a publication for forty-six years, and an integral part of the college. To abolish it would take away part of the Innis identity. ICSS has put us in an unstable and limited position where we are forced to question whether the paper will be continue without systematic and constant intrusion from the ICSS executive staff.

For a student group to basically do away with such an important part of Innis history by crippling its actions and restricting its budget would be extremely unfortunate. We were chosen as Editors-in-Chief last summer to lead what was a struggling publication. After our initial attempts to restore the ongoing ICSS-Herald problems, we felt the future was on the rise. Now, with the budget and the paper's future editorial autonomy in doubt, we are attempting to shed light on the matter at hand with this editorial. We hope that any students who support editorial autonomy and the continuation of an arts-based newspaper make their voices heard to the ICSS and the rest of the student body.

Rest assured that this is not the end. We are working on new solutions to keep the paper afloat, and to restore the promised budget. We may have encountered some more bumps in the road, but The Innis Herald is still strong and we will work to overcome them. We look forward to the ideas and contributions of the upcoming year's masthead. Lastly, we'd like to express our deep gratitude to all our readers for their continued support. Long live the Herald!

The Outsider: A Case for Charlie Chaplin | By Will SLOAN

THE MOST TOUCHING ASPECT of Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp is the way he clings to his dignity. Unlike the other derelicts drifting through the dirty slums of *The Kid* (1921), *Easy Street* (1917), *Modern Times* (1918), or any of Chaplin's 35 existing films for the Keystone Film Company, the Tramp keeps up appearances. He wears a suit, with a vest and a tie and a snazzy little derby, even if the jacket is too small and the pants too large and the cane bends whenever he leans on it. He keeps his moustache neat and trim, in contrast to the unruly facial hair of the bit part actors (to whom he shows his contempt but wiping his mouth on these beards, before administering a swift kick to the rear), and he sometimes even has fancy accessories, like the cigarette case he uses in *The Kid* to store a few crummy cigar stubs.

"Smile, though your heart is aching / Smile, even though it's breaking," go the lyrics to Chaplin's most inescapable piece of music, and tired as they've become, these words still encapsulate the enduring appeal of the Tramp. No matter how much misery and suffering and heartbreak he endures in film after film, he still picks himself up and jauntily steps off into the sunset. Every decade or so, *The Most Famous Man in the World* experiences a revival, with new home video releases (*Modern Times* was the first of a planned rollout of most of Chaplin's post-1917 work from the Criterion Collection), 35mm prints, and traveling retrospectives around the world (including a recent stop-off at Toronto's TIFF Bell Lightbox), and every decade we can rediscover the pain and the anger just under the surface of nearly all of this great artist's work.

But in the long periods between, when access to Chaplin's major films becomes limited (the Warner Bros./MK2 Region 1 box sets from 2003 and 2004 are long out of print), it becomes easier to fall into the received wisdom that Chaplin is sappy, old-fashioned, and technically primitive; that he lacked the technical sophistication and dry sensibility of his rival, Buster Keaton. "It seems inarguable," writes Michael Atkinson in the January 2011 issue of *Sight & Sound*, "that by this date Keaton ages gracefully and with agile invention, while Chaplin remains the iconic but sentimental artifact of both the silent era and the first mid-century years of film-culture cinephilia."

Too many critics (notably Roger Ebert, in his infamous "Great Movies" review of *The Circus*) find themselves caught up in the useless Chaplin vs. Keaton debate, as if it were really productive to try to objectively compare two so very different filmmakers with such very different interests and decide who is "better." Perhaps it is symptomatic of a reluctance to revisit the seemingly antiquated films of the silent era; if we pick the side that seems the most modern, we can save ourselves to effort of opening our minds to a different era, a different film language. (Nobody ever debates, say, *Scorsese* vs. *Coppola*, even though both are American directors from the 1970s who have made crime movies). But Ebert suggests a more troubling root for contemporary film culture's hesitancy to embrace Chaplin: "I am in a minority in placing him second to Keaton among the silent clowns. My reasons for that are admittedly impulsive: I sense Keaton was the better man." The further away we get from Chaplin's work, the more our perceptions become colored by his still-famous private life. Yes, we know of his Dickensian childhood, but we also know that he was the only silent comedian to be immediately embraced by the intelligentsia, and we've been seeing the same old pictures of a dapper, silver-haired Chaplin posing with Gandhi and Churchill and Einstein and other public figures in documentaries and biographies for decades. We know that Chaplin consumed young, often underaged women at an alarming rate, preferring partners who were worshipping and deferential. We know that he was the first movie star to sign a million dollar contract, and that he had enough money not just to finance his films, but spend years shooting them. Is there, as Ebert suggests, a "reverse noblesse" to this millionaire playing a tramp? Next to Keaton, whose upbringing was working-class but whose adult years were plagued by depression, alcoholism and neglect, the Little Tramp – the eternal underdog – begins to look like the status quo.

Certainly Chaplin was no help with 1964 memoir *My Autobiography*, famously snubbing key collaborators like cinematographer Rolie Totheroh, loyal costars like Hen-

ry Bergman, Eric Campbell, and Georgia Hale, and contemporaries like Keaton, Harold Lloyd, and Stan Laurel, with whom he toured in vaudeville. The book, whose early chapters vividly recount his impoverished childhood in late-19th Century London, soon devolves into a series of anecdotes about celebrity encounters ("If we were not so preoccupied with our family, we could have quite a social life in Switzerland, for we live relatively near the Queen of Spain and the Count and the Countess Chevreau d'Antraigues). Still, those who have slammed the book for its apparent lack of insight into Chaplin's creative process fail to notice how uncannily its structure mirrors Chaplin's career: the early films see the Tramp struggling to enter mainstream society; the sound films see the Tramp variations struggling to maintain their positions in that society.

The template for the Tramp is established in Chaplin's second film, *Kid Auto Races* at Venice (1914), a six-minute sketch filmed in under an hour at a real children's soapbox derby. The film is a proto-"mockumentary," where the Tramp literally rises up from a genuine crowd of spectators to mug for the newsreel camera before being pushed aside by the director, repeatedly. Three films later, the Tramp is back disrupting another movie shoot in *A Film Johnnie* (1914), this time trespassing on the Keystone Studios lot to find the "Keystone Girl" he has seen on screen. He lingers around the sets, becoming so engrossed in the films being produced that he jumps in front of the cameras to interact with the characters. A shabby-looking presence, he receives contempt from the sharp-looking Keystone actors and technicians before he even earns it. In *Kid Auto Races* and *A Film Johnnie*, the Tramp becomes a movie star by sheer force of will.

Chaplin's early films for Mack Sennett's Keystone Studios, recently restored by the British Film Institute and collected on Flicker Alley's "Chaplin at Keystone" DVD set, are often written off as Chaplin's training films, and the majority of their interest is indeed from watching him clumsily evolve. In *Making a Living*, his first film, he wears an overcoat, top hat, monocle, and a droopy Fu Manchu moustache, playing a character not unlike those of his Keystone stablemate Ford Sterling. The Tramp is introduced in film #2, but is not yet permanent: in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, Chaplin is a city-slicker with a pencil moustache; in *Tango Tangles*, he's clean-shaven and shockingly boyish; in *A Busy Day*, he's a shrewish wife in outrageous drag.

In his early appearances, the Tramp is, quite simply, a horrible human being; he fits right into these films, which, with their abundance of violent and cruel humour, are surprisingly bleak. Consider *His New Profession*, in which the Tramp is hired to take care of a wheelchair-bound man by his indifferent nephew, who wants to go cavorting with his ladyfriend. Immediately, the Tramp steals another disabled man's "Help a Cripple" sign, gives it to the uncle, and uses the money to buy beer. Throughout, the Tramp hits his cane against the uncle's broken leg – sometimes accidentally, sometimes not – and frequently endangers the uncle's life (the wheelchair is on a pier). The film ends, as most Keystones do, in a huge melee encompassing all the major characters, all of whom laugh uproariously whenever pain befalls someone else.

During Chaplin's stint at the Essanay Studios in 1915, the Tramp would become more or less sympathetic, but the Keystone films establish the two constants of Chaplin's films up to *The Great Dictator* (1940): an impoverished setting, and the Tramp's inability to rise from poor outsider to affluent, mainstream-respectable insider. *Easy Street* (1917), the best of his 12 short films for the Mutual Film Corporation, is Chaplin's most powerful depiction of poverty. Set in a crime-laden city block (the first of many T-shaped streets in Chaplin's filmography), the street's first appears as backdrop to a veritable orgy of violence: a huge mob of people in the middle of the road, arms swinging and bodies flying, with Chaplin the director cutting back and forth to the police station, where wounded police officers are being brought in on stretchers seemingly on a conveyor. The ringleader of the chaos is the cartoonishly burly Eric Campbell, Chaplin's regular villain in the Mutual comedies, who escapes from prison by beating up the entire police force, at one point using a policeman's body as a weapon.

"Easy Street" is a studio-built set, but consider the dirt roads with bits of gravel and plenty of garbage; the clotheslines stretching from one side of the street to another; the one-room apartments with peeling wallpaper, dirty floors, crooked picture frames and arbitrary pieces of furniture. Even the bit-part actors, who Chaplin often used as comic gargoyles, have a feeling of horrible authenticity, like the quivering woman who steals food, or the junkie who tries to attack the saintly Mission Worker (Edna Purviance) in an underground drug den. The latter scene is particularly haunting: we first see the junkie curled up in the corner; he wakes to inject himself with a needle before leaping towards Purviance. The spare, haunting set, with just a cot, a chair, and an overturned table as furniture, is decorated with a few sad pictures of the royal family, unframed on the chipped wall.

The T-shaped street returns in *The Kid*, Chaplin's first self-directed feature, which opens with a woman (Purviance) leaving her illegitimate child in a rich man's car. The child finds its way to a seedy alleyway, where he is discovered by the Tramp on "his morning promenade." The Tramp tries to force the child on another, more hopeless-looking derelict, and at one point, in a quick dart of the eyes, briefly considers dropping the baby down the sewer, before finally deciding to take the child as his own. These scenes, which depend on the overwhelming poverty of the Tramp and his environment for their dark comic impact, would not be out of place in the nihilistic *Keystones*. The film lightens in the subsequent scenes, when the Tramp turns his one-room apartment into a home (a straw chair with a hole becomes a potty; a kettle on a string becomes a baby's bottle), and find shady self-employment (repairing windows the child has destroyed), to create a facsimile of middle-class family life.

For all his efforts, the Tramp's makeshift bourgeois domesticity never quite becomes the real thing. In *The Kid*, the child is taken away by welfare services and returned to his mother. In *The Gold Rush* (1925), he saves and saves to put on a New Year's party in his little cabin for his beloved Georgia (Georgia Hale), but she doesn't show (she first paid the Tramp attention by picking the worst-looking man at the Dance Hall to dance with, to make her suitor jealous). Most memorably, in *Modern Times* (1936) the Tramp and the Gamine (Paulette Goddard) fantasize about living an idyllic middle-class life: in their ludicrous dream sequence, the Tramp picks an orange from the tree next to his window and milks the cow they happen to own for breakfast. Later, the Gamine finds them a house, and it's a crumbling shanty home that keeps falling apart whenever the two dreamers attempt to enact any domestic ritual: the chair at the dinner table falls through the floorboards; a wooden beam hits the Tramp in the head whenever he opens the door; the extremely shallow neighbouring stream foils the Tramp's attempt at a morning swim.

If not quite his best film, *Modern Times* is the movie that feels most like a summarization of Chaplin's career, and sees him at his most innovative and ambitious as writer/director. Its narrative abandons a beginning-middle-end structure for a series of vignettes wherein the Tramp and the Gamin visit a series of spaces that each represents one of the two extremes of 1930s America: the "haves" (the factory, the department store, the restaurant) and the "have-nots" (the shantytown, the prison, the docks). The narrative is so fast-paced and kaleidoscopic that the Tramp becomes a spectator. Introduced as a factory drone who suffers a nervous breakdown working an assembly line, the Tramp has never appeared tinier and less imposing than when surrounded by the giant machinery and giant co-workers – or, famously, becoming a literal cog in the gears – of the unnamed supercorporation.

The *Great Dictator* (1940) repositions the Tramp as a European Jewish barber on the eve of the Second World War, as if Chaplin is challenging his audience's anti-Semitism by suggesting the character they loved was actually Jewish all along. The real tension, however, comes from Chaplin's relationship with Hitler, the other Most Famous Man in the World. With his dual role as anti-Semitic dictator Adenoid Hynkel and the Jewish barber, Chaplin leaves behind the struggle of the lower class and instead looks inward, contemplating how his own extraordinary fame and his iconic character could be used for good

or evil (the cruel Hynkel feels at times like a reprisal of the *Keystone*-era Tramp). In the six-minute concluding speech, Chaplin breaks character and addresses the audience more or less as himself, and Chaplin's on-screen persona gains power and influence for the first time. In dialogue like, "Soldiers! Don't give yourself to brutes! Men who despise you and enslave you; who regiment your lives, tell you what to do, what to think and what to feel," the Barber/Tramp is no longer a proletarian, but a leader of the proletariat. When the Jewish barber takes Hynkel's place, he morphs from meek underdog to influential leader – or perhaps from poor London boy to the world's most influential film artist.

How far into superstardom can you remain the poet of the underdog? Chaplin's later films are oblique autobiographies of the Most Famous Man In The World, not the poor London boy. *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) further deconstructs Chaplin's on-screen persona by turning him into a dapper French banker driven out of work by the Depression. To support his wife and child he takes to marrying and murdering rich widows for their money. Verdoux is *Modern Times'* factory worker, if the factory worker had been ruthless and amoral. More than one critic has pointed to the final shot of Verdoux being led to the guillotine as a sick twist on the familiar image of the Tramp walking into the sunset.

The critical and commercial failure of *Monsieur Verdoux* and the increasingly hostile treatment of the American media must have informed *Limelight* (1952), where Chaplin plays Calvero, a once-great "Tramp Comedian" of the London music halls who has lost his ability to connect with audiences (the casting of Buster Keaton as Calvero's old music hall partner seems to confirm the parallels). He lives forgotten in a shabby apartment in another one of those T-shaped streets, this one much more obviously a studio construction, where he cares for Terry (Claire Bloom), a suicidal ballerina. Like Calvero, Chaplin has by this time lost his instincts. An insider turned outsider, Calvero speaks in long monologue of purple prose, inundating Terry with aphorism after aphorism ("Time is the best author. It always writes the perfect ending"), and occasionally dreaming about his old routines, where his onstage persona's incoherent characterization and chaotic costume lacked the simple, sad dignity of the Tramp's. As usual, Terry is pretty and pure, but unlike earlier Chaplin heroines, she worships Calvero, and it is not exactly easy to understand why.

The poor London boy is finally, completely gone from *A King in New York* (1957), with Chaplin casting himself as King Shadov, a disgraced monarch seeking refuge in the United States after revolution. Chaplin, by this time filmmaking royalty (the name of his Roy Export Company came from his own mangled pronunciation of the French word for "King"), clearly draws parallels between Shadov's imposed exile and the 1952 ban on his own re-entry into the United States (like Chaplin, Shadov is accused of being a Communist), and unlike the Tramp, Shadov is no proletarian; he looks down on those crazy kids with their rock music, widescreen movies and television shows. When Shadov is submitted to fingerprinting at the airport (not unlike Chaplin in his notorious 1943 paternity trial), the comic impact of the scene derives from our incredulity that the Great Shadov/Chaplin must lower himself to such a ritual.

Certainly Chaplin's films are at times sentimental, but what is too often overlooked is their anger: the anger of a poor young vaudevillian who wanted the audience's love, and the anger of a rich old man who felt their love waning. How strange that he ended his career with *A Countess from Hong Kong* (1967), an innocuous little bedroom farce without any of the autobiographical touches or political charge of his other sound films. *Stagey* (it is mostly set in two rooms of a cruise ship), indifferently shot, and stiffly performed by Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren (both of whom Chaplin reportedly directed with the same rigid follow-my-direction style he used on Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*), *A Countess from Hong Kong* is the only Chaplin feature that really lives up to its reputation of feeling "old-fashioned." Maybe the reason *A Countess* is so forgettable is that by this time, 24 years into his fourth marriage and 14 years into a comfortable life in Switzerland, Chaplin had nothing left to be angry about. He had definitively become an insider.





Buy Canadian! Three Canadian Designers to Incorporate into Your Spring Wardrobe | By Elizabeth HAQ

Breeyn McCarney

This Toronto-based designer's romantic sensibilities and penchant for nudes and pinks translates to a whole host of extremely wearable pieces for spring. McCarney blends a fascination with the surreal and the fantastic with undercurrents of compromised innocence, and more than one of her dresses look like they could work for a reworking of Hansel and Gretel. With a soundtrack by Radiohead. In a good way, of course.

Available at www.ukamaku.com/breeynmccarney

Rachel Sin

Sin uses her background in architecture to create pieces that are altogether flattering and feminine, timeless and bold. Her precision and effortless control over her personal aesthetic results in collections packed with understated elegance and classic sex appeal. Self-assured and structured, any dress of hers is guaranteed to spice up an ordinary day at the office. Perfect for nights out and role-playing nights in.

Available at www.ukamaku.com/rachelsin

Thomas Clothing

Bold-faced androgyny dominates the work of up-and-coming designers Drew and Michael Thomas. Having studied sculpture at OCAD, Michael channels his art school awareness into the modernization of classic silhouettes. Monochromatic and asymmetric, their truffle-coloured hooded capes and draped barely-there black shirts will become your go-to for instant cool this summer.

Available at UPC Boutique, 128 1/2 Cumberland St
Or at www.upcboutique.com

Don't Call It a Fetish: The Resurgence of Vinyl

By Nick GERGESHA

THE MUSIC INDUSTRY is on its last leg. Nearly a decade ago, Napster grabbed headlines as easily as it grabbed music files. The media blitz surrounding the file-trading website pitted an empire against a younger generation keen on getting their music for free. The recording industry tightened their restriction on digital content, while federal bureaus threatened criminal action against those partaking in peer-to-peer file sharing. The leap of digital downloading during the past five years, combined with the recording industry's attempt at suppressing this downloading, should sound out the death knell of physical media during the 21st century. We shouldn't be so quick to judge.

Vinyl is a dead medium. We've reached a point in time where the process of buying an oversized slab of wax is not only faux pas, but is dissuaded by the ease of technological innovation. The aging iPod can store thousands of songs in a casing no bigger than the palm of one's hand, while access to free digital media is often endorsed by artists and independent record labels. The major question I ask is if and, more pressingly, why individuals still pay for music... Cracking, rotating slabs of music.

Alex Leg  r works at Kops Records, one of Toronto's oldest music institutions. When asked about the market demand for vinyl, he posits that, "as the manager of a record store, our sales have been up. The last eighteen months to two years have been significantly higher than they've been for decades." Though he attributes some of vinyl's niche position to nostalgia, never does he argue for its novelty. He goes on to note that, "for music that you have an emotional attachment to, you still really want to support the artist by having something physical in your hand. You can read the liner notes, check out the artwork, and have something you just can't get in a digital download." With so much music readily available for free on the web, developing a bond or attachment to a certain artist or collection of songs becomes very special.

I often wait for the postman. When an email arrives confirming the shipment of a record I have ordered, I spend the next 2-4 weeks uneasily. I am excited about receiving my music on vinyl for a number of reasons: There is the collectability factor, where my pressing could be a limited vinyl colour. There is the experience of dropping the needle for the very first time, and there is the physical involvement. To listen to a whole album is an experience that demands my attention. Nick Koppeo, owner of Kops Records, details the physical relationship between vinyl and its contents: "The inside of a record's groove looks like a triangular canyon. There's music on the inside, on the walls, and it's just ricocheting off of all that. A record is organic, and no two records are ever going to sound alike." Vinyl is as complex as a celled organism, living, breathing, and connected to its owner.

It is more apparent now than ever that music is not the depersonalized blob it is made out to be. G.W.F. Hegel's idea of the dialectic posits, "every concept is rational, is abstractly opposed to one another, and is united in comprehension together with the opposite." The depersonalization of one-click downloading on the internet has antithetically ignited a resurgence of a purer expression of art through vinyl. As the pond of artists swells to oceanic proportions, listeners have emotionally attached themselves to vinyl, the physical realization of the music they love.

Toro y Moi y El Toro

Disclaimer: title courtesy of one Navi Lamba

By Elizabeth HAQ



ON APRIL 7TH, Chaz Bundick brought his signature brand of electro-pop to a sold out show at Wrongbar. Braids, his opening act, is a Calgary band that recently relocated to Montreal and have been getting a lot of buzz for their ambient, starry-eyed dream-pop. They've got the kind of sound that seems to demand a performance: it's those sparkly female vocals, that wistful, naturalistic laughter, and that bustling mess of percussion on songs like "Lemonade". So it was more than a little disappointing when the lead vocalist whined and complained her way through a very short set, allowing supposed technical difficulties to trip her up in a big way. Eye-rolling and sighing was the result and the audience was lost by the third song. But Toro saved the flat-lining atmosphere just in time, tentatively arriving on stage just as a festive confusion of white icicle lights were flicked on, flooding the place with the kind of shimmery camp that only white icicle lights can provide. Drunk on hazy pop synths, funk-heavy retro cool, and on actual drink, the crowd of 20-somethings swayed to Toro's indie-blog favorites, including "Still Sound" and "New Beat", off his latest album "Underneath the Pine". Toro's go-to tracks, like "Talamak" and "Blessa", united the crowd with aquatic, delirious "oohs" and "aahs". Toro's self-conscious stage banter and awkward hesitation with the crowd was charming, complimenting the short but awfully sweet set: a collection of tracks that fell and melted into one another fluidly, each song's ending blurring with another's beginning, showcasing his growth as an artist and songwriter. So pretty much, go see him next time he's in town! Good times.

Intercordia Canada: Study in Toronto and Volunteer Abroad for a UofT Credit | By Alexandra PENG

AS THE SCHOOL YEAR COMES TO A CLOSE, there seems to be a struggle for both current and graduating students to beef up their resume and brace themselves for the dog-eat-dog world of job searching. Now that university degrees seem more accessible competition to find jobs is fierce. The importance of international volunteer experience has caught the attention of many human resources specialists and is reflected in the University of Toronto Career Centre website, where over twenty-four programs are listed for volunteer or work placements abroad. As students struggle with both academics and the looming fear of future unemployment, programs that allow students to combine both academics and international volunteer placements seem like the best strategy. One of the University's best-kept secrets is the Intercordia program. Though funded by St. Michael's College, the program is accessible to all UofT students, and includes both an academic seminar and an international summer volunteer placement. Successful completion of the program awards students

with a credit which can be used toward their academic degree.

The University of Toronto provides several international opportunities for an already recognized international student body. The ranges of programs supported by the University include everything from Summer Abroad courses, paid or unpaid internships through AIESEC Toronto, International Course Modules (ICM), and the university exchanges coordinated by the International Student Exchange office. However, yet another opportunity is available through St. Michael's College and Intercordia Canada, which was founded by the famous former UofT professor, Jean Vanier. The Intercordia program combines a spring academic seminar and a three-month international volunteer placement to give students a full credit under SMC362YS (Intercordia). This is a program worth considering, as it provides a small classroom setting and an experience in social engagement within the broader international community.

Fiona Clarke, an Innis College and Intercordia alumnus, completed her summer volunteer placement in Nicaragua teaching mural art to incarcerated youth and persons with disabilities. Inspired to stay in the developing world for a year after graduation, she recently began giving talks at schools in Ontario to promote Black Canadian History. Fiona describes the volunteer placement "as an essential component to the university experience and a way to go from being merely an undergraduate student to a global citizen." She explained that her experience abroad during the SMC course allowed her to receive first-hand exposure "to unfamiliar economic issues and historical conflicts and connect them to real faces and personal stories." For students who want to form a close rapport not only with faculty and fellow students from across Canada, but with members of marginalized groups outside of Canada, the Intercordia Program provides an academic challenge and a unique opportunity for personal transformation.

The Different Types of People at Innis Residence | By Kitty FANE

IN CASE YOU DID NOT KNOW, Innis Residence is a lively community with many different kinds of people. From weird to really weird, we have a variety of nerds here. It's understandable though, I mean, people get into this residence based on their grades (clearly). It's also re-application season at Innis Residence, which happens to be a popularity contest. You get back in based on how people rank you, and since we're going to have to write about people at Innis, why not go over a few different types of people that you could be writing about?

1) The Loser Turned Cool

So you weren't that popular in high school... so you decide to take on a new identity at university. Of course no one needs to know that you were secretly one of those average Joes in high school that was hardly noticed by anyone. The point is that Innis is a fresh start for you and as far as anyone else knows, you're cool and that's that. You also tend to be super cliquy and exclusive when you're with your group but tend to be back to your nerdy, shy self when you're by yourself.

2) The Wannabe

You weren't cool in high school and you're not cool at University. You're dying, dying to be one of the cool kids (mentioned above). You go to all the parties that the cool kids host, drink the same beer that they like, and sing along to whatever song they're singing. Sadly, even when you're in the group, you're always out: they let you stay but they don't really care about you.

3) The Hermit

You're kind of anti-social. You'd rather stay in than go out. When your friends ask you why you never go out, you simply reply that you're just an introvert. Your idea of a good time is sitting at home watching How I Met Your Mother

or Gossip Girl. Basically, the only time you go out is to and from class and reluctantly to House Olympics. You force yourself to go out to Innis events for one reason: to get back in. Even when you're at these events, you partake in minimal communication.

4) The Keener

You are at every Innis event. You want to be part of everything. You join a million committees and voice your opinion at meetings. If anyone has questions about what's going on, you're the person to go to. You're always thinking of different ways to get even more involved. The copious amount of energy you exude plus constant exposure to your face makes Innisian yearn for a life of seclusion.

5) The Socially Awkward One

You can't talk to people. The difference between you and the hermit is that you actually try to talk to people. Yet when you do, people get confused. You google how to make friends and how to start conversations. When you actually take the advice of a Yahoo Answerer, you end up sounding weird. Whether it's breaking the ice with gossip: "OMG! Did you hear about..." which is initially interesting but ultimately makes you look like a total bitch, or asserting yourself with pseudo-confidence and then trailing off into dead silence: "Hey guys! Do want to go out to this awesome gig and -murmurmurmur". Worse yet, you can't even get your voice to be loud enough, so you end up standing behind someone while breathing on her back.

6) The Obnoxious Intellectual

You are the most intelligent person at Innis. But I jest; you are the most intelligent person at UofT. But again I have deceived, as you are the most intelligent person in Toronto, Canada, and this entire celestial body. If someone is to err in their foolish opinions, you must refute their claims and

ensure that your grandiosity is proven. You take particular offense to those with an IQ less than 120, and those who cannot meet a certain intellectual level in everyday discourse are not worth your time at Innis. Not but the most brilliant minds shall be permitted to pontificate with you on matters of any gravity. I anxiously await your prompt rebuttal, which will surely be abounded with wit and piercing intellect.

7) The Ghost

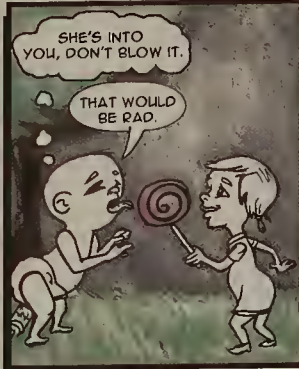
Do you even count as an Innis resident? You're never here. The sole purpose of your room at Innis is storage and an occasional hangover cure day. You don't know your roommates names and can't remember their faces. When you come into the suite, your roommates look surprised and confused at the stranger that has entered the room. When you shuffle in your room, turn on the bathroom lights, or accidentally leave the kitchen lights on, your roommates are convinced there is a ghost in the suite.

8) The Cool One Turned Loser

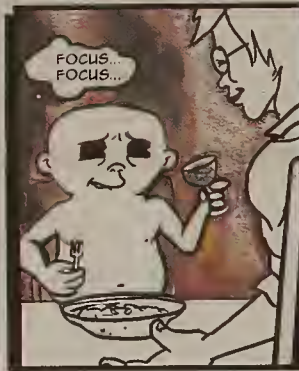
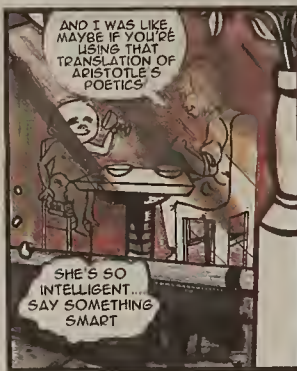
You were the life of the party in high school but you still got into Innis Residence. You've maintained solid grades and work just as hard as everyone else here. Unfortunately, you don't fit and you never will. People assume you're stupid because you wear nice clothes and think that they're better than you. You used to be able to talk to people but Innis residents persist on shunning you because they think you're incredibly dumb.

Alas! The life of an Innisian. Stay tuned for my next article: "Trinity: The BEST College on campus!"

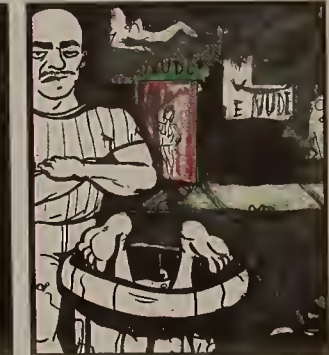
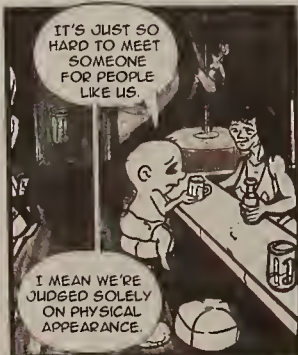
ALPHONSE THE ALCOHOLIC BABY IN LEAFY-B-VISON



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Spring/Summer Playlist | By Elizabeth HAQ & Daman LAMBA

Crazy for You - Best Coast

Anything by Bethany Cosentino et al works here, but the doe-eyed indie babe's wistful musings about cats and weed on this track pretty much summarize what summer should sound like.

Weekend - Smith Westerns

"Weekends are never fun unless you're around here too", frontman Cullen Omori croons dreamily over a woozy, starry-eyed bed of guitars and synths. Anthemic "oohs" abound and, grudgingly, "Beatles-esque" has never sounded so appropriate.

FM Tan Sexy- El Guincho

This tropicala-drenched track out of the Canary Islands features beach party ready high life synths.

King of the Beach - Wavves

As the temperature creeps above 12 degrees, live out all your seaside fantasies to this noisy, grungy anthem of coastal, don't-give-a-fuck lo-fi attitude.

In the Water - Beat Connection

This jangly electro-pop wonder comes off the duo's EP titled *Surf Noir*. Nuff said.

Down by the Water - The Drums

Lovely, melodramatic proclamations of love and longing stretch out over a 50s-nostalgic bassline in this surf-rock power ballad.

Life is Simple in the Moonlight - The Strokes

A whole lot can be said about the strokes' latest effort but with life is simple in the moonlight, Julian and the gang hearken back to the good old days, making you yearn for 2001. here's hoping lots of your summer nights are simple and moonlit.

Summer Song - Yacht

There isn't much about this song that says 'summer' but when the lead singer demands you "Move your feet to the summer song", all the hip kids get moving.

Groove in the Heart/California Girls - Crocodiles

The beach boys get chillwave cred with this hazy remake of their summer staple.

100 - Keepaway (Sunglasses remix)

The twisted pop pangs of this Brooklyn-bred trio get remixed to produce a track that is simultaneously lo-fi and engaging.

Escape Before the Rain - How to Dress Well

drenched in what sounds like mist and fog, how to dress well tug at the heartstrings on this piano-heavy, otherworldly track.

Deadbeat Summer - Neon Indian

Light, loopy, lazy, lounging-on-the-beach or cycling-through-the-city ready.

In the Sun - She and Him

Floral-loving, 60s-bangs-sporting Zooey Deschanel's musical endeavours are almost too cutesy for our taste. But fine, what with the sun shining and the birds chirping, we're willing to stomach a breezy "my baby, my darling" or two.

Everybody Loves the Sunshine - Seu Jorge and Almaz

A product of the partnership between the Brazilian crooner/actor Seu Jorge and the collective behind the soundtrack for *City of God*, this single epitomizes the best combination of samba soul and jazz when you need to slow-burn number at a rooftop party.

Loverboy - Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti

last year's quintessential indie darling ariel

pink lives up to their hype on this bleary, quirky, odd track. Throwaway springtime infatuation never sounded so good.

Love like a Sunset Part 2- Phoenix

it's a veritable classic, driving and melodic, the track unfurls and spreads out exactly like it's name would suggest. Go stand on a rooftop or a beach and kiss someone to this song. goddamnit.

Mexico - The Soft Pack

The Soft Pack's "Mexico" is a slow moving number with a deep and sluggish bassline. When all a summer day allows is a lawn-chair lifestyle, let this single's worn-out and weary guitar hook serve as the soundtrack.

THROWBACK

California Love - Tupac

Hot Fun in the Summertime - Sly and the Family Stone

Fun Fun Fun - The Beach Boys

That Summer Feeling - Jonathan Richmond

Summertime - DJ Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince

Don't Sweat the Technique - Eric B & Rakim



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